



VOLUME CLII.—NO. 44.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 9, 1910.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,529.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

10 THAMES STREET

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with more than half a dozen exceptions, has often been printed in the English language. It is a large quarto newspaper, forty-eight columns filled with advertising, reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

The paper is \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 2 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specified copies, sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

Roxan Williams Lodge, No. 20, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

Court Winton, No. 6779, Foresters of America—James Graham, Ranger; Joseph J. Hobart, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Congdon, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS GAGE, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commander, Charles Heldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—President, Miss Catharine Curley; Secretary, Jenny Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

FEDWOOD LONGS, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hamilton, Chancellor; Commander Robert Franklin, Keeper of Records, and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney H. Harvey, J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravitz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

For Deeper Waterways.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore, president of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, will be in Rhode Island next Wednesday and the first step will be taken to awaken the people of the State to the necessity of making preparations for the convention to be held in this State in September. Congressman Moore will be accompanied by Congressman Small of North Carolina, Congressman Shedd of Newport and Congressman Greene of Fall River. The party will be taken to Providence from Fall River on the 20th, and will attend the session of the General Assembly. They will lunch with the Newport County Association at the Crown Hotel and in the evening will address a meeting under the auspices of the Providence Board of Trade.

A large force of soldiers from Fort Adams was in the city last Saturday afternoon looking for two men who had suddenly taken French leave. The missing men comprised a long-term prisoner and his guard. It was learned that the men had probably taken a car through to Fall River and made their escape. The armed patrols in all parts of the city attracted much attention.

Mr. Bradford Norman is expected to arrive from Europe in a few days. Mrs. Norman will return a little later with the remains of her sister, Miss Katherine Colline.

Mrs. Charles Stewart of Brooklyn is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis C. Goodwin, on Pawtucket Avenue.

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Board of Alderman.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held on Tuesday evening. President Shepley presided in the absence of Mayor Boyle. All the other members were present.

Finance report No. 8 was read. It showed the amounts approved at the finance meeting Monday evening and they were ordered paid, as follows:

Board of Health	\$10,000
Books, stationery and printing	200,000
City Asylum	100,000
Fire department	1,000,000
Incidentals	100,000
Lighting streets	500,000
Police grounds	100,000
Dog Fund	75,000
Indexing and preservation of records	1,000
Touro Jewish Synagogue fund	10,000
Tuberculosis Relief	100,000
Police	100,000
Poor Department	250,000
Pension Fund	100,000
Public Buildings	100,000
Public Parks	50,000
Public schools	1,000,000
Streets and Highways	1,700,000

The report of the city clerk on the balance and debts of the several accounts at the close of business Saturday, April 2, with the bills ordered paid by Finance report No. 8 taken out, was read.

The report of the Inspector of Armories for March, the quarterly report of the chief engineer of the fire department, the report of the dog constable, and the report of the street commissioner for five weeks, ending March 26, 1910, were received.

The bill for a new horse for the fire department was approved.

A petition was received from Horace P. Beck and others asking that larvæ be used on Touro street, from Spring to Kay streets, to protect the road way and improve the general condition of property in this vicinity. It was referred to the street commissioner with power to act.

The acceptance by the Newport & Old Colony Street Railway Company of the right to locate a pole on Harrison Avenue was received.

A communication was received from the League of American Municipalities, asking if Newport was to take membership in the League. This was duly received.

There were four generations of the Lawton family present—Sergeant Lawton, his son, Howard R. Lawton of Providence, a former member, Sergeant David A. Lawton, a grandson and the latter's daughter, Dorothy A. Lawton.

Funeral services for Professor Alexander Agassiz were held Sunday afternoon in Appleton Chapel at Harvard, being of a very simple character. There was a large and representative gathering, including all the professors and instructors of Harvard University. The chancel of the Chapel was a mass of flowers. Rev. Professor E. G. Moore, D. D., and Rev. Dr. Crothers officiated. The body was taken to Mt. Auburn, where it was cremated and the ashes interred in Forest Hills Cemetery. The bearers were Dr. John C. Warren, Joseph Warren, Theodore Lyman, Henry Lyman, R. G. Shaw, Dr. O. A. Shaw, A. Henry Higginson and J. S. Russell. Dr. Eliot and President Lowell represented Harvard College; Professor Pickering and Dr. Arnold Hague the National Academy of Science, and there were representatives from the Agassiz Museum.

Moody was motion day in the Superior Court, Judge Rathbun presiding. There were several cases to be heard and there was a large attendance of lawyers. The appeal from the decision of the Probate Court in the case of the Henry G. Bryer estate was argued, a certain supplementary account of Frank E. Bryer having been disallowed by the lower court. Briefs were submitted by counsel and there will be a further hearing in May.

Packer Brattan was appointed trustee under the will of the late Abby A. S. White to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Frederick Thompson. There was no objection to the appointment.

The petition of Satchen Hayes vs. Robert J. Hayes for separate maintenance was taken up, and witnesses were heard. The parties to this case had resided in Providence and after some testimony and arguments by counsel, the court decided that the case should have been brought in Providence County and the motion to dismiss the petition was granted.

A final decree was entered in the appeal of Charles E. Lawton from the Probate Court, confirming the decision of the lower court which leaves the Dennis estate to the heirs at law.

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Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER XI.
NOW one doesn't expect to find a man in frock coat and silk hat dodging behind bushes on a place like Hewington Acres. Yet Cherub Devine had come to associate that particular part of Long Island with all sorts of surprises.

It appeared that this new arrival had intended to see without being seen, but he had not been quite quick enough. Without stopping to consider just why he was doing it Mr. Devine promptly joined in the game by stepping into the strawberry patch.

The Cherub parted the bushes cautiously. He discovered the stranger doing the same thing. Twice the Cherub stole stealthily around a bush, sure of having executed a successful flank movement on the unknown, only to find that he had disappeared like a dash.

Taking off his straw hat, the Cherub balanced it carefully on the top of a rhododendron and began making a cautious detour. To walk in a stooping position for any distance seemed to be in good condition, and a thirty-eight waist measure doesn't help.

The Cherub was already red of face and breathing heavily when he suddenly rounded a little thicket of stunted shrubs and found himself within arm's length of a slender, sallow-faced person who was holding a silk hat behind him and intently gazing at the crown of a straw one which showed above a lush cane twenty yards away.

Even a side view from behind was enough to reveal the foreigner, for the jet black mustache and the little umbrella tuft that curled over the chin were distinctly of alien cut and trim.

"Well, what's the game?"

The stranger was an amazingly cool sort. He merely turned quickly, measured Mr. Devine with one bushy, keen brown eye, lifted his brows expressively and shrugged his shoulders.

"Now, perhaps you'll tell me what it is all about," asked the Cherub.

The stranger's response to this was a wholly impudent stare.

"I do not quite understand," he said, with just the slightest foreign accent.

"No?" drawled the Cherub mockingly. "Then there's two of us in the dark. But, perhaps we can clear up some things. I found you lurking in the bushes. Now, why?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I do not recognize your right to question me in that manner."

"Hhe-eew! What a haughty little man it is!" laughed the Cherub. "Ah, come down off the stepladder! A minute or two ago you were dodging around as guilty as if you'd robbed a fruit stand. Now, what are you up to?"

"I am attending to my own affairs, sir."

"Then, I'll help you," said the Cherub, "for I'm a good deal interested in this place and what is going on here."

"Indeed!" Again the stranger shrugged his shoulders. "But I don't know you, sir."

" Didn't act as if you wanted to, either. But here's where we get acquainted, just the same. My name's Devine—Cherub Devine."

"Eh? What?" gasped the stranger staring incredulously. "Why—er—a thousand pardons, Mr. Devine; allow me," and he hastily brought out a cardcase.

"Luigi Salvatore Vecchi," read the Cherub, with some hesitancy in pronouncing the names. "Vecchi, eh? Ah, I see! Some relation of the late count's!"

The stranger sputtered indignantly.

"I am known as Count Vecchi."

Had the Cherub been at all emotional he would have gasped then. As it was, he nearly did, but seemed to recover in time.

"But—but you're not the Count Vecchi who—who married Miss Hewington?"

The cigarette was waved toward the rim of his silk hat.

"I have that honor."

It was the Cherub's turn to stare incredulously.

"See here," he said protestingly. "Either you're a dead count or a live Imp, and I guess the last description fits best. Come, come! You've sprung that bluff on the wrong person. I happen to know that the real Count Vecchi has been dead for a couple of years."

"I can only quote the words of your own great humorist, that 'the reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.' Here I am, you see."

The Cherub noted that the leather case which the stranger still held in his hand bore a silver crest similar to the one he had noticed on the writing paper of the Countess Vecchi.

"Yes, I see," he admitted without enthusiasm. "All a mistake, was it?"

And you've come over to give the countess a pleasant little surprise, eh?"

"I hardly think the countess will be surprised," and the count lifted his black eyebrows meaningfully.

Instantly the situation cleared for the Cherub. So that was what she had meant by her mysterious protests?

"Oh, ho! Then she knew all along that—that—Oh, come! Do you think I can swallow that? Why, say, you blamed bush dodger, do you expect me to believe she would deliberately tell me—"

"Ah, but that's just the point!" broke in the count. "Did she?"

And when he came to think it over the Cherub could not recall that the Countess Vecchi had ever said or implied that her husband was dead.

"It strikes me that you don't help matters much by coming over here

and playing tag around her sorcery," suggested the Cherub. "I might add that it's apt to be a heap safer for you not to do so."

"Merell!" mumbled the count, quite disturbed. "But there's no danger. I haven't the least intention of seeing the countess, much less of speaking to her. I had much rather talk to her attorney."

"Want to see her lawyer, eh? Well, she don't keep them out here to the bushes."

This time the count indulged in quite a genuine smile.

"My dear Sir. Devine," he protested, "you don't understand the situation. Perhaps if you did you could be of help to me. Allow me to state, then, that it was not to relieve a long dead sentiment which brought me to America, but a sordid little matter of money. To be definite, there was a marriage settlement, a patric affair in the shape of a promised yearly income. At first it was paid in full and regularly; then the payments came at irregular intervals and were only partial. Of late they have ceased. I am informed by Mr. Hewington that he finds it impossible to continue them. As though I would believe that! So I come here to see for myself if the rich Mr. Hewington has suddenly become a beggar. And this is what I find!"

Count Vecchi slumped his shoulders, spread out his palms and indicated the broad expanse of Hewington Acres.

"Such an estate does not suggest poverty to me. Now I am prepared to interview the attorney of my wife, the countess."

A twinkle of amusement appeared in the blue eyes of Mr. Devine.

"Imagine you can collect, do you?" he asked.

"I can make the attempt. It depends, I suppose, on what value Mr. Hewington sets upon his word and whether or not he is willing to have his pleasant little fiction as to a defunct son-in-law exposed. What do you think?"

Mr. Devine could appreciate that. He grinned.

"I think you're a slick article," said he, "and I should say you had got 'em. Looks to me as if Mr. Hewington would either have to chloroform you or buy you off."

Count Vecchi indulged in a non-chalent shrug.

"I ask only what is justly due. One cannot live without money."

"There! You see!" exclaimed the Cherub cheerfully. "You'd stir up a bad muss, of course. We could put you in jail for attempted blackmail, but that would bring out, that the countess wasn't a widow and all that old gossip would be dug up again and printed in all the papers, and I'd be held up as a kidnap. No, my dear count, it wouldn't do at all."

The Cherub had wished him a pleasant evening and a good night's rest, was just turning to go to the stables to see Timmins when he found himself facing Mr. Hewington. Astonishment was stamped on every line of the old gentleman's aristocratic countenance.

"Why—why, Mr. Devine! You seem to be holding a conversation with some person in there." And he indicated the closed door of the icehouse.

"Guess I was," admitted the Cherub. "How singular! And—er—night I—er—ask—"

"Suppose you don't," put in the Cherub. "It would simplify matters a lot if you didn't."

"I have been accustomed, Mr. Devine, to be told of all that went on about this estate, even to the smallest detail. I should like to know, sir, to whom you were talking just now."

"All—" said the Cherub, with a gesture of resignation. "There's the gentleman's card."

As Mr. Hewington replaced his glasses and read the full name of Count Vecchi an expression of complete conformation, not to say panic, spread over his features.

"Impossible!" he whispered breathlessly.

"Just what I thought when he sprang it on me," commented the Cherub. "I told him he was a dead one. He says he isn't."

"Then the count isn't dead, eh?"

Cherub Devine watched with mild amusement the confusion of mind into which Mr. Hewington was immediately plunged.

"My dear Mr. Devine," said he at last, taking the Cherub by the arm and leading him away from the icehouse. "I—er—ah—that is—I hardly know how to—to—"

"Yes; I understand. Why not let it come straight out, though?"

"Well, I must begin by making the regretful admission that we discovered soon after my daughter's marriage—indeed, on the very day of the ceremony—that he was a person of dissolute habits."

The count was quite willing. He offered Mr. Devine a cigarette in his most affable manner, and when the Cherub had rescued his straw hat they started off through the maze of bluestone walks for the stables.

On reaching the office he left the count outside and went in alone to consult Timmins.

"Ever see a picture of Count Vecchi?" he asked Timmins.

Yes, Timmins had, but not for a couple of years.

"Take a squint through the window at the chap outside," said Mr. Devine. "Did the picture look anything like him?"

Timmins peered through the glass.

"Yes, very like him, sir," he went on.

"Then that's him," declared the Cherub.

"Not the one that they said was—"

"Yes, but he says he isn't. Claims he never died at all. Now, what do you guess he's living for?"

"Judging by what I've heard, sir, I should say he might be after money."

"Timmins, you're a mind reader. That's just what he is after."

"Why, the sneaking, unmanly villain!" exploded Timmins. "He ought to be put in jail, sir."

"Well, something ought to be done with him. What's that little stone coop without any windows down there by the swan lake?"

"That's the icehouse, sir."

"Pull up, is it?"

"Oh, no, sir; not now, sir. It's very near empty, I think."

"Room for a cot bed and a chair or so, is there?"

Timmins grunted expressively.

"Plenty of room, sir."

"How about air, Timmins?"

"Excellent ventilation, sir. Has to be, you know."

"Good! Now, you sit out the back way and go down there, will you? Go inside and shut the door. When you bear me know you'll know I've come with a caller. Get the idea, eh?"

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Wickford June, 11.15 2.20 6.15 8.30
Wickford June, 11.15 2.20 7.35 7.01
New London, Ar. 12.45 3.45 8.03
New Haven, Ar. 1.35 4.30 9.10
Bridgeport, Ar. 2.27 5.27 8.35
New York, Ar. 4.00 7.00 11.00
P.M. P.M. P.M.**FOR BLOCK ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE.****ALL WATER ROUTE****STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM**

Daily, except Sunday. Leave Long Wharf, Newport, 11.15 A.M.; due Block Island 1.15 p.m.; returning, leave Block Island 3.30 p.m.; due Newport 8.30 p.m.; Providence 7.15 p.m.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 272 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Porter's office on steamer.

C. O. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. Coley, A. G. P. A., New York,
1-8**Old Colony Street Railway Co.****Newport & Fall River Time Table.**

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 8.10, 10.15 a.m., then ten and fifty minutes past the even hour and half past the odd hour until 10.10 p.m., then 11.15 p.m. Sundays, 6.00 a.m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 8.10 a.m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.30 p.m., then 11.30 p.m. Sundays 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River, (for Stone Ridge) 1.45 p.m. and 8.15 p.m.

Return, leave Stone Bridge for Fall River, p.m. and 8.45 p.m. Do not run Sundays.

NEWPORT CITY CARS.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00 a.m. and every fifteen minutes until and including 11.00 p.m. Sundays 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for One Mile Corner 6.15 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.30 p.m. Sundays 6.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 8.45 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 8.00 p.m. Sundays 8.30 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street, Waitting Room for Beach 8.15 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 10.45 p.m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 8.00 a.m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 8.15 a.m. and every fifteen minutes until 11.15 p.m. Sundays 8.45 a.m., then same as week days.

GEORGE F. SEIFEL,
General Superintendent.C. L. BISBEE,
Division Superintendent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1903.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Tiverton and Boston, week days, 6.45 A.M., P.M. 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15, 7.15 p.m. Sundays 6.30 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15, 7.15 p.m. Fall River 6.45, 8.30, 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15 p.m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.45, 8.00, 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15, 7.15 p.m.

Tiverton—6.45, 8.30, 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15 p.m.

Providence—6.45, 8.30, 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15 p.m.

New Bedford—6.45, 8.30, 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15 p.m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.45, 8.30, 11.00 A.M., 1.02, 3.12, 5.15 p.m.

R. R. POLLOCK, A. H. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

WATER.

ALL PERSONS, deafens or having water introduced into their residence or place of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

CHERUB DEVINE
CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

within half an hour was being shown into a back room whose walls were lined from floor to ceiling with thick books bound in calfskin.

Mr. Driscoll smiled and waved Mr. Devine toward a chair.

"Do much of this night work?" asked the Cherub. "I have to, I suppose, to keep things running."

Again Mr. Driscoll smiled. He was quite used to Mr. Devine's breezy manner. He asked of Mr. Devine what was up.

"All kinds of things," responded the Cherub, dropping into a red leather chair and extracting one of his black cigars from his coat pocket.

"Firstly," began the Cherub, "you're the chief attorney for that blasted railroad I've just loaded up with, aren't you?"

Mr. Driscoll nodded.

"Good! Now, as my private counsel I'd like to have you tell me if I can safely get rid of being president of it within the next twenty-four hours."

"Not tired of it so soon, are you?"

"Tired? Why, say, Bob, there isn't work enough about a job of that kind to keep a man awake. I put in all one day trying to find things to do. By 10 o'clock I'd laid a basketful of general orders that I didn't know anything about, fired three fluffy-haired typewriter girls and issued a dozen mutual passes to my friends. Then my private secretary and I sat around and looked at each other until luncheon time. I didn't show up again. No, Bob! It may be highly respectable and all that, but I've got to be where there's something doing. I want to get back into the street."

"There's nothing to prevent you from resigning."

"Except putting in some one that'll work things the way I want 'em worked. What do you say to old Rimmer?"

"Rimmer of Chicago?"

"Yep; the one we nipped on short holdings. Now, he hates me as the devil hates holy water, but he's a hustler, and he knows the railroad game like a book. He's down and out now—but he won't stay down, and when he gets up again I'd rather have him on my side than against me. Guess he'd rather be with me too. How about Rimmer, eh?"

Mr. Driscoll sent a quick but appreciative glance at the Cherub. He endorsed the Rimmer nomination.

"Then that's settled," observed the Cherub. "You send for him in the morning and put it up to him. I figure that he'll be mighty glad to crawl on the band wagon. Now for item No. 2. Bet a million you couldn't guess what I've been doing."

"Snake too high," laughed Mr. Driscoll, "but I think I could come near guessing. You've been getting garbed."

"Z-z-z-ing, but that was close—I don't think!" replied the Cherub. "You're within gunshot, though, Bob. And I expect I might as well own up that I'd like to, but there's no hope. I found the right girl, all right, and I'd just told her about it, when who should show up but a hubby."

"Not hers?"

"Right! I thought all along she was a widow. Every one thinks so. He's one of those cheap macaroni counts, regular wife beater, and their honeymoon didn't last more than a few hours. She leaves him in Italy and comes home. Then it's reported that he has died in a salaritum—family don't know it, girl puts on black, and all hands hope it will soon be so. But he refuses to die and comes over here to hold them up for cash. As it happens, the first person he runs across is me. Now, what do you suppose I did to him?"

Mr. Driscoll's eyes concentrated seriously on the bland face of Cherub Devine.

"I hope—" he began.

"Oh, I didn't hurt him!" interrupted the Cherub. "I'm no bothead—never struck a man in my life—wouldn't know how. But perhaps I did worse. I decoyed him to an icehouse and locked him in there."

"You what?" Even the composure of Bob Driscoll was stirred by this unique confession.

"Something had to be done right away. So I just jolted him along to the icehouse, tolled him inside and shut the door on him."

"So you locked him up, did you?"

Why didn't you let him make his demands and then have him arrested on a charge of blackmail?"

"Couldn't. That would bring out the whole story. See? She's been posing as widow. That's her father's work. Guess what the papers would make of that! No, no! We don't want to go into court, and the count mustn't."

"I'm afraid, Cherub, that he's right when he calls you a kidnaper. That would be the technical charge. It's rather a serious offense, too—felony, you know."

"All right; I'm not squeamish. Look me some good criminal lawyer, will you, and have him let me know how far I can go?"

"M-m-m-m—" murmured Mr. Driscoll through pursed lips. "Why not soothe him with a few hundred dollar bills and let him out?"

"That's where my fool pride comes in, Bob. Didn't I know I bad any, but I guess I have. See here; I can't buy off the husband of the girl—I well, it don't seem right. That would stick in my crop."

"But you can't imprison a man indefinitely on your own hook, Cherub. Why, man, you would run the risk of long term of imprisonment."

"I suspected that. Well, I can stand it if he can. And he gets his dose first."

Mr. Driscoll looked long and earnestly at the Cherub. At last he suggested, "You must be very fond of the young woman, Devine."

"That's putting it mildly. Bob, and she's worth it too. Why, say, she's the florist, sweetest, cutest—But there! I've got no right to talk like that: It's all off. There's that infernal count."

"Why hasn't she divorced him?"

"Against her principles. I like her

all the better for it too. On, she's the genuine article, Bob, and I've got to give her up. Honest, it's tough!"

For a moment or so despair tried to dim the cheerful gleam of Cherub Devine's blue eyes. Then, with a shake of his shoulder, he threw it off.

"But this isn't getting on, Bob. If you going to have dealings with this Count Vecchi, I want to know who he is and all about him. Might stir up something that would be useful, you know."

"Good idea," commented Mr. Driscoll.

"It's the way I like to do business. Now, what connections have you with any private information bureau on the continent?"

"There's Deutschters, in Vienna."

"Slower than creeping paralysis! We'll get a report in about six months. No; we'll try Jimmy McGuire. Used to be one of the Record-Herald boys in Chicago. Now he's at the head of a newspaper syndicate in Paris. He's got columns of stuff out of me. And he's the kind that will get a move on. I'll cable him tonight to look up this count of mine and wire back full details. Eh? So long, Bob. I'll drop in at your office about noon tomorrow."

At midnight, from a downtown detective agency, four men started out to guard the exits to Hewington Acres, with orders to stop and hold a slim young man wearing a frock coat and a silk hat should he attempt to leave the grounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUBLIC LOVE LETTERS.

Curious Appeals Appear in Newspapers of Southern Italy.

The printed love letters in the advertising columns of papers in southern Italy fill the tourist with wonder, mingled with deep respect for the sentiment which will pay for their insertion.

The following letter, taken from the Palermo Ora, contained 174 words, which at the advertised rate of 6 cent a word, would cost \$1.74. If, the Italian saying, "A lira is a dollar," is true, this would equal a bill of \$7.70, which would require a pretty devoted American lover to pay!

The offer was unanimously accepted, and Liszt went on a tour in the French provinces. He arrived at the little town of L, to give a concert, as announced. But the habitants appeared to take but little interest in musical matters, for when the musician appeared on the platform he found himself face to face with an audience numbering exactly seven persons. Liszt stepped very calmly to the front, and, bowing respectfully to the array of empty benches, he delivered himself as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I feel extremely flattered by your presence here this evening, but this room is not at all suitable, the air is literally stifling. Will you be good enough to accompany me to my hotel, where I will have the piano conveyed? We shall be quite comfortable there, and I will go through the whole of my program."

The offer was unanimously accepted, and Liszt treated his guests not only to a splendid concert, but an excellent supper into the bargain! Next day when the illustrious virtuoso appeared to give his second concert the hall was not large enough to contain the crowd which claimed admittance.

The Diagnosis.

The disastrous results of interference by relatives in the course of courtships was well exemplified in the case of a young Baltimore couple not long ago. They had been engaged for some time when it became generally known that the affair was at an end.

"What was the trouble, Jack?" an intimate friend asked the youth, who, by the way, is a recent medical graduate.

"Well, as it was nothing relating to Nan personally, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," he replied, with a smile.

"I suppose it was some outside influence—you seemed to fairly date her," the friend commented.

"I did," the defeated lover replied. "She is the sweetest little girl in the world, but terribly fond of her relatives. Her old maid aunt from Kansas came along the other day and announced that she was going to live with us after we were married, and well she proved an antidote!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Diagnosis.

In its wars with England and France in 1859-60 China was easily conquered and forced to a humiliating peace. The Pekin Gazette, the official organ of the government, however, reported the following concerning that treaty of peace:

"As the western barbarians have admitted their wrongs and humbly submitted for peace, the emperor in his infinite goodness has granted their prayer and, moreover, has made them a present of a large sum of money (indemnity of war) to enable them to begin an honest life, so that they may not

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Report, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1940

Saturday, April 9, 1910.

It is reported that the New Jersey peach crop has been killed. New Jersey is not only the mother of trusts but the breeder of killing frosts.

The Philadelphia strike is winding itself up with the general conclusion that it brought no good to the strikers or the companies, while the public, as usual, suffered most of all.

If American farmers will look to the multiplication of good cattle, hogs and sheep there will be no need to add the camel and hippopotamus to the stock resources of the country.

Thirty-six miles an hour on the water is going some, but that is the record of the new torpedo boat destroyer Reid, while on her dual official trial. It established a world's record.

The professional baseball season in the East will open next Thursday. From that time until next October there will be the usual number of sudden fatal diseases among grandmothers and other distant relatives.

Springfield, Massachusetts, has captured her burglar and murderer, and he turns out to be a young man of supposed respectability. Apparently his crimes were instigated by the desire for notoriety more than for the small sum that he gained.

Newport is anticipating a prosperous and busy season. There have already been a number of important rentals for the summer, and more are now under negotiation. Jamestown reports a number of rentals, with brisk demand, and the prices obtained are very remunerative.

The little fuss that marked the visit of President Roosevelt in Egypt has been quite overcome by the session in Rome. As he approaches nearer home the excitement increases. What will happen when he lands upon the shores of these United States? Many are asking and the answer is not yet.

The railroads of the country are showing a strong tendency to comply with the requests of the employees for increases in wages, but in the end, like everything else, the increase comes out of the ultimate consumer. We are running in a circle and are continually putting on more speed in a frantic effort to bite that elusive tail.

The millinery jobbers say that the freight rates on woman's hats are too high. The railroads reply the hats have decreased in weight and increased in size to such an extent that a single freight car will carry only one-tenth as many hats as it did ten years ago. Thus the cost of living goes steadily up, but what woman would think of reducing the size of her hat contrary to the dictates of fashion?

THE COMET.

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Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

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A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. Martha A. Stevens her furnished cottage at 18 Bay View Avenue to W. H. Bevins, U. S. N., for the summer season.

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A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Samuel W. Woodward of Washington, D. C., his large furnished cottage with grounds, stables and boating piers on Walcott Avenue in Jamestown, to Wm. H. Taylor of New York for the coming summer. This is the largest and most important rental to be made at Jamestown.

General Assembly.

It is not now believed that the Legislature will be able to adjourn next week, but it is hoped that final adjournment may be taken the following week. Important matters are being reported back by committees and much effort is being made to get the business cleaned up. The taxation bills are now all in, and a public hearing on these matters will be given by the two Judiciary committees next week.

The most important business of the week was the passage of the act incorporating the Southern New England Railway Company which was reported favorably by the House committee on corporations and unanimously passed by the House on Thursday. It was at once communicated to the Senate and was referred to the committee on corporations.

The House Judiciary committee has reported the bill and the bill

was passed, both favorably. The Senate has confirmed the appointment of Roy H. Besire as commissioner of the Stone Bridge. A number of appropriation measures have been passed.

Corporation Returns.

Advices from Washington indicate that about \$3,000,000 has thus far been paid to the Treasury on account of the corporation tax. About one thousand corporations in existence at the time the law was passed have failed to make return to the internal revenue bureau under the provisions of the act. A number have, it seems, openly disregarded the clause requiring them to submit returns by March 1, others had dissolved before the close of the calendar year, and still others obtained extensions of time in which to file their returns. Of these the first class will be proceeded against, but it has not yet been determined whether action will be taken against those corporations which have dissolved. It is understood that returns have been received from about 815,000 corporations, and that these are being disposed of at a rate which gives ground for the expectation that the work on them will be finished early in May.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1910 by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., April 7, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continental April 6 to 10, warm wave 5 to 9, cool wave 8 to 12. This was predicted to be the most radical of the April disturbances, accompanied by a great high temperature wave and followed by unusually low temperatures.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 16, eastern states 18. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 11, great central valleys 16, eastern states 15. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 14, great central valleys 16, eastern states 18.

Temperatures of this disturbance will average below and rainfall above normal. These disturbances cover from five to seven days, two to three days before and after the warm wave.

The most severe storms of this disturbance will occur west of Meridian 90° due, in some parts of that country, will be unusually severe. The cool wave preceding this storm wave will not bring such low temperatures as the one following. Some danger of frost: In northern sections as the cool wave, due on Meridian 90° about April 14, passes your longitude.

Some uneasiness about the wheat crop in the upper Mississippi and Ohio valleys will be manifest but it is too early to arrive, at definite conclusions about that crop. The great speculators in grain put out most of the reports about the condition of the crops in order to affect prices and bring them profit.

The farmers are in control of the grain markets to a large extent. They have sold their soft corn and have on hand the best part of last year's corn crop. There is an immense amount of that mechanically cured and doctored corn in the elevators. What will they do with it?

The last oats crop ever produced is now in farmers' hands. When they get ready to sell, or if they refuse to sell, what will be the result? The grain markets present a difficult problem just now.

Weather indications for April appear to be quite favorable to all crops particularly to sowing of oats and spring wheat and the planting of corn and cotton. Dry weather will cause some unnecessary anxiety about winter wheat.

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Several prominent members of Congress have stated that they do not think Congress can finish work and adjourn by the 16th of May as predicted by Senator Aldrich. Champ Clark of Missouri says July the 1st will still see Congress in session.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1857, is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

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In this city, 1st Inst., Mary S. Brown, widow of Dr. Peter F. Brown, in the city street of his residence, 113 Houston Avenue, Peter Warren.

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In this city, 5th Inst., Mary H. Griffith, wife of the late Robert E. Griffith of Philadelphia.

In this city, 5th Inst., Belle Estelle Snow, in her 5th year.

In New York, 7th Inst., Alice Bateman (Grandall), wife of William J. Frank, of this city.

In Jamestown, 8th Inst., Susie, wife of George C. Dodge, aged 57 years.

In Westerly, 1st Inst., Ned, Warren G. Arnold, in his 1st year.

In Providence, 8th Inst., Phoebe R., widow of Perry C. Irab of New York, aged 100 years 8 months and 10 days.

At Mansfield, France, April 1st, Katherine Knight, daughter of the late George and Anna Collier of Newport.

Ted—Isn't Tom thinking rather seriously of getting married? Ned—He couldn't have thought very seriously about it, for he has gone and done it—Brooklyn life.

Washington Matters.

Brilliant Celebration Being Talked of for the Summer of 1915 at Washington—Congress Rather Quiet the Past Week—Mr. Root's Speech at an End—Mr. Pierce Firm in His Belief that the Tariff Had Advanced Prices.—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., April 7, 1910.

It is probable that in the summer of 1915 at the completion of the most stupendous work ever undertaken by man, a ship-way connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at Panama, there will be a great celebration in Washington taking the form of an international fair and exposition. The city of Washington, assisted by Senators and Representatives from Maryland and Virginia and also to some extent favored by the eastern states, attempted twenty years ago to secure an international exposition at the capital of the United States, but, after considerable work had been done, a powerful lobby of Chicagoans got the ear of Congress and calmly carried the big show to Chicago. This was the quidnunc of the discovery of America. Twenty years ago Washington was little prepared for a great exposition such as have been held often in Paris, twice in Vienna, in London, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, New Orleans, and Atlanta, and now the capital city is at least twice as capable in entertaining and judging capacity as she was in 1890.

At Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis it was necessary to travel for miles from the city, in order to reach the exposition, and the fatigue suffered and the time lost, going from lodgings to the fair and returning greatly interfered with the enjoyment and the educational benefits that might have been derived. The Potomac Park is in easy walking distance from the center of the city and easily accessible by already established street cars, free from all parts of the surrounding country.

There is a plan to secure, if possible, ex-President Roosevelt as president of the exposition. Leading business and professional men in Washington have united in an effort to secure his acceptance. The Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce and other citizens' associations of the District are interested in the movement, and there is strong probability that the greatest of human undertakings will be celebrated at the capital of the country most vitally interested in the completion of the Intercoastal Canal.

Since then a great railway station, the finest and most commodious in the United States, if not in the world, has been built; many new hotels have been erected; hundred of apartment houses have sprung up and electric railways reaching to all parts of the surrounding country and towns have made, as it were, one city of Washington, Baltimore, Alexandria, Rockville, Hyattsville, Takoma, Chevy Chase and Falls Church, thus taking in, as it were, an area capable of offering accommodations to a half million visitors. But the greatest improvement that has been made in Washington and completed since 1890 is the reconstruction of the Potomac flats and their transformation into a beautiful park to the center of the city, as it were, for this park lies between Pennsylvania Avenue, the White House and the Potomac River. The park is perfectly level, of ample area, and admirably adapted as a show ground or site for a world's fair.

The events of the week in Congress have been interesting, but not particularly sensational. Mr. Root has discussed his speech upon the administration railroad bill in which he expounded the Constitutional questions involved and made the important admission that there were certain entries in the country that would be exempt from the operations of the sections regulating stocks and bond issues.

The Senate Committee investigating the high cost of living of which Senator Lodge is chairman, found a pretty tough witness in Wallace Pierce of Boston, yesterday. Mr. Pierce insisted that the tariff had advanced prices and when asked for specific instances he promptly gave them, citing a number of articles in common use on which the prices had been advanced, due, he said, to the Payne-Aldrich bill.

There was a clash yesterday between Senator Nelson and Attorney Brandeis, in the Bellingham-Pinchot investigation Committee, in which the antagonism which is seemed to exist between the Attorney and the Chairman from the beginning of the controversy was emphasized and intensified.

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In this city, 5th Inst., Mary H. Griffith, wife of the late Robert E. Griffith of Philadelphia.

In this city, 5th Inst., Belle Estelle Snow, in her 5th year.

In New York, 7th Inst., Alice Bateman (Grandall), wife of William J. Frank, of this city.

In Jamestown, 8th Inst., Ned, Warren G. Arnold, in his 1st year.

In Providence, 8th Inst., Phoebe R., widow of Perry C. Irab of New York, aged 100 years 8 months and 10 days.

At Mansfield, France, April 1st, Katherine Knight, daughter of the late George and Anna Collier of Newport.

Ted—Isn't Tom thinking rather seriously of getting married? Ned—He couldn't have thought very seriously about it, for he has gone and done it—Brooklyn life.

The House Judiciary Committee has reported the bill and the bill

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance appropriating the revenues of the City of Newport for 1910.

It is ordained by the Representative Council:

Section 1. Out of the available receipts, including the city Treasury, during the current biennium, with the money now in the Treasury, as will provide the sums herein-after apportioned and appropriated, for the said fiscal year, for

WEEKLY ALMANAC

STANDARD TIME

APRIL 10	Sun	Moon	High Water
11 Sat	Mon	12 Sun	13 Mon
12 Sun	Tue	13 Wed	14 Thu
13 Mon	Wed	14 Thu	15 Fri
14 Tue	Thu	15 Fri	16 Sat
15 Wed	Fri	16 Sat	17 Sun
16 Thu	Sat	17 Sun	18 Mon
17 Fri	Sun	18 Mon	19 Tue
18 Sat	Mon	19 Tue	20 Wed
19 Sun	Tue	20 Wed	21 Thu
20 Mon	Wed	21 Thu	22 Fri
21 Tue	Thu	22 Fri	23 Sat
22 Wed	Fri	23 Sat	24 Sun
23 Thu	Sat	24 Sun	25 Mon
24 Fri	Sun	25 Mon	26 Tue

Last Quarter, 24 days, 7h. 40m., evening
New Moon, 25 day, 8h. 25m., morning
First Quarter, 26 day, 8h. 40m., morning**"JEKYLL-HYDE"**
ADmits GUILTMiss Blackstone Was Slain by
Bertram Spencer**HE MAKES FULL CONFESSION**

Large Lot of Jewelry Found In His House Gathered While He Was Plotting His Skill Against Skill of Police Investigators—Personal Vanity and Love For the Melodramatic Kept Him on Career of Crime

Springfield, Mass., April 7.—The commission of a series of burglaries, culminating last Thursday night in the murder of Miss Martha B. Blackstone and the serious wounding of Miss Harriet P. Dow, was admitted by Bertram G. Spencer, the young clerk arrested at his home in West Springfield, in his confession to Captain Boyle, chief of the detective bureau of the Springfield police department.

In the confession, which the police say is an amazing one, personal vanity was given as the reason for most of the burglaries. The fascination of reading the newspaper accounts of his exploits, Spencer confessed, furnished the motive for continuing the burglaries, and he also experienced considerable delight in plotting his skill as a criminal against the skill of the police investigators of his crimes.

To him, his burglaries were a game, himself on one side and the police on the other, and the honors were with Spencer for two years, the police being baffled at every turn until Tuesday, when Spencer was arrested on the strength of a lock bearing his initials and the portraits of members of his family, which he had dropped outside of a house he had entered.

In his confession, Spencer said that he did not intend to kill Miss Blackstone or wound Miss Dow in the Dow house on Thursday night. He said that when he saw the women in the house he fired his revolver on the impulse rather than with any intention of injuring anyone. He said that he had never entered a house with the intention of shooting any persons who might interfere with his operations, but believed that he might intimidate persons with the weapon if he should be detected in his burglaries.

A fondness for good society is one of the characteristics of Spencer revealed by his arrest. He also had a love for the melodramatic, for time after time he suddenly appeared, masked and withdrawn revolver in the midst of a card party or other gathering, sternly commanding compliance with his orders under pain of death.

A review of his exploits shows that he seemed to enjoy the situations which he thus created, as much for the sensations experienced by those he surprised as for the loot which he took. There is nothing to indicate that he ever tried to dispose of his booty, for hidden in his home, where his wife had never seen them, were found nine pieces of jewelry, and six watches.

What is considered proof that Spencer began his career of crime before he took his clerkship with the Handy company is offered by Dr. G. S. Pratt of Brattleboro, Vt. Dr. Pratt's home was burglarized on July 23, 1908, and from it was taken a gold ring. This ring was among the loot found at Spencer's home. On the date of the burglary Spencer was employed as a brakeman on a Boston and Maine train which ended its run at Brattleboro.

Spencer was arraigned in the Springfield municipal court. He was not allowed to plead to the charge of murder that had been preferred against him, and his case was continued until April 15.

NOT GOING TO WITHDRAW

Draper Will Again Be Candidate For Governor of Massachusetts

Boston, April 5.—Governor Draper will not withdraw from the fight for governor this fall, despite the many rumors that have been persistently circulated to the contrary.

The governor not only will not be driven from the contest, but expects the Republican nomination and furthermore expects to again be returned to the governor's chair. Such was the statement which Draper himself made last night.

Bat Nelson a "Notorious Character"

Philadelphia, April 8.—Battling Nelson, ex-champion lightweight, lost his suit for \$10,000 damages against the Bellevue-Stratford hotel for refusing him accommodations. The jury upheld the hotel's plea that Nelson as a pugilist was a notorious character.

Defeat of Child Actor Bill

Boston, April 8.—By a vote of 14 to 21, the child actor bill, which provides that a child under 14 may appear upon the stage under a permit from the school committee, was defeated in the senate.

New Battleships For France

Paris, April 6.—The senate voted \$32,000,000 for the immediate construction of two 23,500-ton battleships. One of these ships is to be fitted with turbines.

Hallston Story From Missouri

St. Joseph, Mo., April 5.—At Barnard, Mo., hallstones as large as baseballs fell and the storm which was general over Nodaway county caused great damage to fruit and grain.

BROAD AS SHE WAS LONG

Death of Four-Foot Woman Who Weighed Seven Hundred Pounds

New York, April 8.—Louise Ambradine, who had the distinction of weighing 13.4 pounds for every inch of her height, died last night from acute rheumatism.

She was four feet four inches by four feet four inches and weighed 700 pounds. She was 24 years old and well known as a professional fat woman.

REV. B. M. TIPPLE

His Attack on Vatican
Angered Mr. Roosevelt**VATICAN'S NOTE MODERATE**

Why the Last Dispatch to Roosevelt Was Not Made Public

Rome, April 8.—Several American newspapers have accused Mr. Roosevelt of failing to give out all the correspondence that passed between the Vatican and himself, in that he did not supply the newspaper men with the Vatican's last dispatch. It appears this is not Roosevelt's fault.

The Tribune states that Mr. Leishman did not think the dispatch of sufficient interest to Roosevelt to communicate the entire text. He simply advised Roosevelt, then in Egypt, that the Vatican insisted that an audience would be impossible unless the conditions imposed were agreed to. It now appears that the Vatican's answer was really couched in the most moderate terms in order to permit negotiations to continue.

Mr. Roosevelt, being unaware of this, and thinking that all chance of an audience was lost, communicated the correspondence he had to the press. It was then too late for the affair to be straightened out.

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Tales For a Winter Evening

Jonesy

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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TWAS Peter T. Brown that suggested it, you might know.

And, as likewise you might know, 'twas Cap'n Jonadab that done the most of the growling.

"They ain't no sense in it, Peter," says he. "Education's all right in its place, but 'tain't no good out of it."

"Oh, ring off!" says Peter. "Twenty-three!"

And so they had it back and forth. I didn't say nothing. I knew how 'would end. If Peter T. Brown thought 'twas good judgment to hire a mess of college boys for waiters, fellers who could order up the squat in pigeon English and the Jain in big Latin, I didn't care, so long as the orders and boarders got filled and the payroll didn't have growing pains. I had considerable faith in Brown's ideas, and he was as set on this one as a Brahmin hen on a platter nest egg.

"It'll give tone to the shabbings," says he, referring to the hotel, "and we want to keep the Old Home House as high toned as a ten story organ factory." And as for education, that's a matter of taste. Me, I'd just as soon have a waiter that bashfully admitted "Wee, my dam," as I would one that pushed "Shure-e, Moke!" sideways out of one corner of his mouth and served the lettuce on top of the lobster from principle, to keep the green above the red."

So it went his way finally, as I knew it would, and when the Old Home opened up on June 1 the college waiters was on hand. And they was as nice a lot of boys as ever handled plates and wiped dishes for their board and \$1 a week. And they made a hit with the boarders, especially the wounded folks. Before June was over the Old Home was full up, and we had to annex a couple of next door houses for the leftovers.

I was skipper for one of them houses, and Jonadab run the other. Each of us had a cook and a waiter, a housekeeper and an upstairs girl. My housekeeper was the boss prize in the package. Her name was Mabel Seabury, and she was young and quiet and as pretty as the first bunch of Mayflowers in the spring. And a lady—whew!

The first time I set opposite to her at table I made up my mind I wouldn't drink out of my sasser if I scalded the living off my throat.

She was city born and brought up, but she wasn't one of your common "He, he, ala! you terrible!" lunch counter princesses, with a head like a dandelion gone to seed and a fistula waist. You bet she wasn't! Her dad had had money once, before he tried to beat out Jonesy and swallow the stock exchange whale.

The only trouble she made was first along, and that wasn't her fault. I thought at one time we'd have to put up a wire fence to keep them college waiters away from her. They hung around her like a passel of gulls around a herring boat. She was nice to 'em, too, but when you're just so nice to everybody and not nice enough to any special one the prospect ain't encouraging. So they give it up, but there wasn't a mate on the place, from old Dr. Blatt, mixer of Blatt's Burdock Bitters and Blatt's Balm for Beauty, down to the boy that emptied the ashes, who wouldn't have lumped himself on all fours and crawled eight miles if she'd asked him to. And that includes me, and Cap'n Jonadab, and we're about as tough a couple of women-proof old hulks as you'll find about.

One evening—along the second week in July 'twas—I got up from the supper table and walked over toward the hotel. By the gate I see a feller standing, a feller with a leather bag, in his hand, a stranger.

"Good evening," says I. "Looking for the hotel, was you?"

He swung round kind of lazy-like and looked at me. Then I noticed how big he was. Seemed to me he was all of seven foot high and broad according. And rigged up—my soul! He had on a wide belt with a whitewig top on to it and a light checked suit and gloves and slung more style than a barber on Sunday.

"Good evening," says the seven footer, looking down and speaking to me cheerful. "Is this the Old Ladies' home—the Old Home House, I should say?"

"Yes, sir," says I, looking up reverent at that last.

"Right," he says. "Will you be good enough to tell me where I can find the proprietor? I'm looking for a job."

"A job!" I sings out. "A job!"

She had a headache, the cook said, and Peter Brown comes to me, all broke up, and says he:

"There's mighty clink to pay," he says. "Mabel's going to leave."

"No?" says I. "She ain't neither."

"Yes, she is. She says she's going tomorrow. She won't tell me why, and I've argued with her for two hours. She's going to quit, and I'd rather enough sight quit myself. What'll we do?" says he.

All round the place everybody was talking about the "lovely" new waiter, and to hear the girls go on you'd think the Prince of Wales had landed. I was busy thinking. By 8 o'clock I'd made up my mind, and I went hunting for Jonesy.

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"A job!" I sings out. "A job!"

"Yes, I understand you employ college men as waiters. I'm from Harvard, and—"

"A waiter?" I says, so astonished that I could hardly swallow. "Be you a waiter?"

"I don't know. I've been told so. Our coach used to say I was the best waiter on the team. At any rate, I'll try the experiment."

"But what for? You ain't short of cash?"

"You bet!" he says. "Strapped!"

I went off and found Peter. T. You'd ought to see Peter stare when we have in sight of the candidate.

"Thunder!" says he. "Is this exhibit 1, Barzillai?"

I done the polite, mentioning Brown's name, hesitating on 'other chap's.

"Er-Jones," says the human light-house.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," says Peter. "So you want to be a waiter, do you? For how much per?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll begin at the

bottom, being a green hand. Twenty a week or so."

Brown choked. "The figure's all right," he says, "only it covers a month down here."

"Right!" says Jones, not a bit shook up.

Peter stepped back and looked him over.

"Jonesy," says he finally, "you're on. Take him to the servants' quarters, Wingate."

Next morning we was at the breakfast table to my branch establishment—me and Mabel and the Bye boarders. All hands was doing their best to start a famine in the fruit market, and Dr. Blatt was waving a banana and cheering us with a yarn about an old lady that his Burdock Bitters had hauled bodily out of the tomb when the kitchen door opens, and in marches the waiter with the tray full of dishes of "cereal." Seems to me 'twas chopped hay we had that morning—either that or shavings. I always get them breakfast foods mixed up.

But 'twasn't the hay that made everybody set up and take notice. 'Twas the waiter himself. He clogged up the scenery like a pet elephant and was down in the shipping list as "Jones."

"Well, Mr. Jones," says I, "soon's I could get my breath, this is kind of unexpected, isn't it? Thought you was booked for the main deck."

"Yes, sir," he says, polite as a sewing machine agent, "I was, but Percy and I have exchanged. Cereal this morning, madam?"

Mrs. Bounderby took her measure of shavings and Jones' measure at the same time. She bid him labeled "Danger" right off. You could tell that by the way she spread her wings over "Maize." But I wasn't watching her just then. I was looking at Mabel Seabury—looking and wondering.

The housekeeper was white as the tablecloth. She stared at the Jones man, as if she couldn't believe her eyes, and her breath come short and quick. I thought sure she was going to cry. And what she ate of that meal wouldn't have made a lunch for a hearty humming bird.

When 'twas finished I went out on the porch to think things over. The dining room window was open, and Jonesy was clearing the table. All of a sudden I heard him say, low and earnest:

"Well, aren't you going to speak to me?"

The answer was in a girl's voice, and I knew the rale. It said:

"You, too! How could you? Why did you come?"

"You didn't think I could stay away, did you?"

"But how did you know I was here?"

"It took me a month, but I worked it out finally. Aren't you glad to see me?"

She burst out crying then, quiet, but as if her heart was broke.

"Oh," she sobs, "how could you be so cruel! And they're been so kind to me here."

I went away then, thinking harder than ever. At dinner Jonesy done the waiting, but Mabel wasn't on deck.

"A job!" I sing out. "A job!"

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"No?" says I. "She ain't neither."

"Yes, she is. She says she's going tomorrow. She won't tell me why, and I've argued with her for two hours. She's going to quit, and I'd rather enough sight quit myself. What'll we do?" says he.

"I went up to the depot, with Jonesy to see him off."

"Goodby, old man," he says, slinking hands. "You'll write me once in awhile telling me how she is, and—

"Bet you!" says I. "I'll keep you posted up."

July and the first two weeks in August moped along, and everything at the Old Home House kept about the same. Mabel was in mighty good spirits for her, and she got prettier every day. I had considerable fun with Cap'n Jonadab over his not landing a rich husband for the Seabury girl. Looked like the millionaire crop was going to be a failure that summer. But one morning he comes to me, excited as a mouse at a cat show, and says he:

"Ah, ha! What did I tell you? I've got one!"

"I see you have," says I. "Want me to send for the doctor?"

"Stop your foolishing," he says. "I mean I've got a millionaire. He's coming tonight."

"Not?" he sings out, settling up straight and staring at me. "Not really?"

"Look here," says I, "Mr.—Mr."

"Jones," says he.

"Oh, yes—Jones. It's a nice name."

"I remember it beautifully," says he, smiling.

"All right, Mr. Jones. I'm going to preach a little sermon. My text is found in the Old Home hotel, Wellmouth, first house on the left. It's Miss Seabury," says I.

He was surprised, I guess, but he never turned a hair. "Indeed?" he says. "She is the—the housekeeper. Isn't she?"

"She was," says I, "but she leaves tomorrow morning."

That hit him between wind and water.

"Not?" he sings out, settling up straight and staring at me. "Not really?"

"You bet," I says. "Now, down in this part of the chart we're come to think more of that young lady than a cat does of the only kitten left out of the bag in the water bucket. Let me tell you about her."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," says Peter. "So you want to be a waiter, do you? For how much per?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll begin at the

bottom, being a green hand. Twenty a week or so."

Brown choked. "The figure's all right," he says, "only it covers a month down here."

"Right!" says Jones, not a bit shook up.

Peter stepped back and looked him over.

"Jonesy," says he finally, "you're on. Take him to the servants' quarters, Wingate."

It's underlaw pushed out a little, and his eyebrows drew together. But all he said was, "Well!"

"Yes," I says. "And, now, Mr.

Jones, I'm old and nosy maybe, but I like that girl. Perhaps I might come to like you too. You can't tell.

Under them circumstances and with the understanding that it didn't go no farther, maybe you might give me a glimpse of the lay of the land. I possibly I might have something to say that would help. I'm fairly white underneath, if I be sunburned. What do you think about it?"

He didn't answer right off; seemed to be chewing it over. After a spell he spoke.

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "with the understanding that you mentioned I don't mind supposing a case. Suppose you was a chap in college. Suppose you met a girl in the vicinity that was—well, was about the best ever. Suppose you came to find that life wasn't worth a continental without that girl. Then suppose you had a dad with money—lots of money. Suppose the old fo—(the gov'nor, I mean)—without even seeing her or even knowing her name or a thing about her said 'no.' Suppose you and the old gentleman had a devil of a row and broke off for keeps. Then suppose the girl wouldn't listen to you under the circumstances. Talked rot, about 'wasted future' and 'throwing your life away,' and so on. Suppose when you showed her that you didn't care a red for futures she ran away from you and wouldn't tell where she'd gone."

Suppose she was a perfect angel, and he was a devil of a fellow.

"Well, everybody did, that's a fact, and the way Marnie Bounderby and 'Mable' was toggled out at the supper table was a sin and a shame."

But what surprised me was Mabel Seabury. She was dressed up, too, not in the Bounderby style—collarbones and diamonds—but in plain white, with face fuzz. If she wasn't peaches and cream then all you need is lettuce to make me a lobster salad.

And she was as nice to Van as if he was Deuteronomy out of the Bible. He set down to that meal with a face on him like a pair of outerackers. And after 'twas over he was laughing and eating apple pie and telling funny yarns about robbing his "friends" in the street. I judged he'd be sorry for it tomorrow, but I didn't care for that. I was kind of worried myself; didn't understand it.

And I understood it less and less as the days went by. Mabel cooked little special dishes for his dyspepsy to play with and set with him on the piazza evenings, and laughed at his jokes and the land knows what. Inside of a fortuit he was a gone goose, which wasn't surprising, every other man being in the same fix, but 'twas surprising to see her helping the gone-ness along. The Bounderby packed up and lit out in ten days, and none of the other women would speak to Mabel.

And Jonadab! He wasn't fit to live with. The third forenoon after Van Wedderburn got there he come around and took the quarter bet. And the way he crowded over me made my hands itch for a rope's end. That night I dropped a line to poor Jonesy at Providence telling him that if he could get a day off maybe he'd better come down to Wellmouth and see to it.

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Home Course In Domestic Science

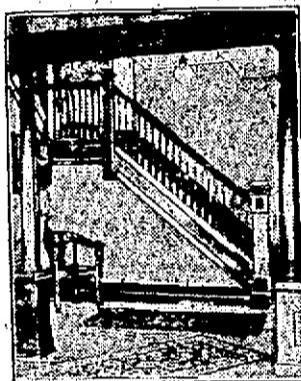
XVI.—Treatment of Floors and Windows.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa
State College.

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AFTER the plan of rooms has been decided upon and the walls have been decorated with colors and materials in accordance with the governing principles of light, harmony, and general impress the next point to consider in house furnishing is the floor. The new house of modern design will probably have floors of hardwood, and some varieties are so beautiful in themselves that the necessary treatment is very simple. A priming or filling coat of shellac to preserve the wood and cover up cracks, followed by one or more coats of wax rubbed down until it has the beautifully smooth, unpolished surface so much liked at the present time, makes the best floor finish. A very good preparation for waxing is made as follows: Melt one pound of wax slowly over hot water. When quite soft remove from fire and beat into it one pint of turpentine. If a soft bushel is desired add one cupful of paraffin oil before using. When ready to apply have the wax melted and the floor free from dust. If there are any stains on the floor remove them before applying the wax. A strong solution of oxalic acid will remove black or almost any discoloration from wood, but it will also remove the staining substance, and this must be restored before waxing. When the floor is perfectly clean moisten a piece of flannel with the soft wax and rub the floor all over, using more wax as necessary. Let the wax remain on the floor for an hour or more, then polish with a stiff woolen cloth, piece of old carpet or soft leather or a weighted brush made for the purpose.

Do not use water on waxed or oiled floors unless you wish to remove all the finish and replace it with a new one. The daily care need be nothing more than sweeping with a soft hair brush, then wiping with a dust mop. Once a week all spots should be re-



AN ARTISTIC HALL.

moved with turpentine and the floor wiped with cloth saturated with the waxing substance.

An oak stain for pine or whitewood floors may be made as follows: Two cups of boiled oil, one and one-half cups of turpentine, three tablespoonfuls of raw sugar, three tablespoonfuls of whiting. Mix very thoroughly. A good cherry stain is made of the same ingredients, substituting burnt-senna for the raw sugar and using a little less whiting. When floors have been given one or two coats of stain they may be waxed according to the directions given above.

Carpets and Rugs.

Old floors can be painted and then oiled, or they may be treated with any desired floor preparations that are on the market. The hardwood or painted floor is much preferable to any carpet, though to make the furnishing of a room complete some covering is necessary. This would better be one good sized rug or several smaller ones, depending on the size and character of the room. The color of the rugs should harmonize with the color used on the wall or in draperies, but it should be considerably stronger in tone than either or both the others.

One large rug is more satisfactory for a dining room than several small ones, and the room which has walls decorated with horizontal lines, as it may be to give the effect of lowering the ceiling, should have a single rug on the floor; otherwise such a room will have a patchy appearance. Most people have learned that for sanitary reasons the floor covering, whatever it may be, should not extend from wall to wall nor be securely tucked down, to be removed only once a year or less frequently. Yet there are some housekeepers who cling to the old fashioned carpet without realizing the dangers there may be from germs thriving in the accumulated dust. The artistic house should be healthful also, and this will be largely accomplished when there is just as little opportunity as possible for germs to develop in it. Sunlight, fresh air and freedom from dust give the best assurance that disease germs are not hiding in our homes, while thick carpets, wool draperies and heavily curtained windows are likely breeding places for them. Nowadays these things are not considered either artistic or beautiful.

Draperies and Window Curtains.

Femininity loves soft draperies much more than the average man dislikes them, so as long as woman is the pre-staging genius in the home she will have them at windows and doors. Certainly they do add the finishing touch to a home, the final touch without

which a room never seems quite complete, no matter how well chosen are its appointments. But a word of caution is necessary in regard to draperies both for artistic and sanitary reasons. Window curtains should not be so heavy or numerous that they shut out air and sunlight. Wool draperies and portieres should be avoided in rooms that are to be much used, because wool fabrics catch and hold dust more than any other material. For living rooms and dining room silk or linen draperies are the best when expense need not be figured too closely, but there is such a big variety of cotton fabrics displaying beauty in both design and coloring that one need not buy the more costly silks unless one prefers them.

In color portieres and draperies should harmonize with both walls and floors and should be a tone midway between the two. The long folds of the straight hanging drapery are much more beautiful than the looped and festooned arrangements which were popular a few years ago and which are still used by some professional upholsterers. Window curtains should come just to the lower edge of the easement and not to the floor or spread out a yard or two on the floor, after the fashion of recent years. A single pair of window curtains made of thin material, either plain or trimmed and hung in long straight lines, with side curtains to match the portieres, is the best trimming for any window from every point of view! If the window is very wide, making more than one pair of curtains necessary, there may be an overdrapery from the top as well as the sides. This should not extend down too far.

In selecting draperies keep two points firmly fixed in mind—first, don't use flowered drapery with a flowered wall and don't buy heavy, unwashable hangings for bedrooms. Such materials are entirely out of harmony with the whole idea of bedroom simplicity.

For a flowered or much figured wall no curtains are prettier than plain white muslin or net made with wide bias or finished with a ruffle. For a bedroom with plain wall decoration a white curtain with a flowered inner curtain draped at the side of the window is very effective.

Furniture and Where to Put It.

One important rule to observe in buying furniture for any part of the house is that it be of good quality, built on simple lines and suitable for the service it is intended to give. The living room should have comfortable, substantial furniture—not too much of it, yet enough to meet the requirements of the family. The table should be large enough and strong enough to support the weight of the books, magazines and other articles which may be brought to it. The frail table, which looks as if it might go to pieces if subjected to greater weight than that of a vase of flowers or a book, may be permissible in the reception room, but is entirely out of place in the living room, where the family has its several pleasures and interests. The chairs, too, in this room should be comfortable, strong and sufficiently varied in size and style to suit every one from grandfather to the little child. Furniture for the living room, especially the chairs, should not be cumbersome. There can be strength without unnecessary weight, such as is often found in the so-called "mission" furniture. The lines and general composition of this kind of furniture are good, and the popularity of the style has done much to revive simplicity in furnishing, but occasionally we find pieces that are unwieldy and awkward to move.

In the dining room the same rules should be followed; also adding to that in this room the furniture should be limited to that required for serving and partaking of meals. A dining-table, six or eight chairs, a sideboard or buffet and a serving table are really all the pieces necessary in the room, and unless there is an unusual amount of space to spare no more should be added. If possible the furniture in the dining room should be of one style and one finish. Odd pieces spoil the attractiveness of the room. It is a good idea when practicable to have the woodwork in the dining room and its furniture match. For instance, a room finished in old English oak may have old English furniture, and this with a dull yellow or pomegranate wall decoration, is most effective. In a north room, do not crowd any room with superfluous furniture. There should be enough chairs, sufficient tables and one or more comfortable couches, but exaggerated creations in the way of seats, centerpieces and whatnots are not in good taste.

The bedroom furniture should be chosen with an eye to fitness and comfort rather than fashion. A plain brass or enameled iron bedstead, dressing table or bureau, small table, one or two chairs, a washstand and a couch are ample for my room, the prime use of which is rest and sleep.

I would include a couch—a simple homemade affair will fill every requirement—in every bedroom. It tempts me for the ten minute nap during the day which might never be thought of were there only a trim white bed in the room, and this little rest means added years to one's life.

George Out of Order.

"Is George Washington, the Father of his country, out of order here?" indignantly demanded representative William Sulzer of New York in the house of representatives in Washington, one day last week.

Speaker Cannon banged on his desk with the ivory gavel about six times.

"In the present company he most decidedly is," he replied with emphasis. Whereupon the House roared and Mr. Sulzer took his seat with a grin.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something awful happen to Ole!'—Everybody's Magazine.

Marjorie's Hundred.

Marjorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get, I'll give you a dollar."

Time went on, and the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone, Marjorie said, "Mama, am I very ill?"

"No, dear, your temperature is a little over a hundred; but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's tears.

"Now, mamma, I can have my dollar. Papa said he would give it to me if I could get a hundred in anything!"—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Entitled to It.

"There is Nebuchadnezzar eating grass like an ox!" said our courtier.

"Let's hope for the best," replied the other. "Maybe he's trying to get even with the Babylonian beef trust!"—Washington Star.

That Would Help.

"So you want to become a first-class etiograph?"

"I do. Does it take long?"

"All depends. Do you know how to spell to start with?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gave Him What He Deserved.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before."

"You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

"Twenty years!"

Drammer—Will you be mine? All my life I will worship you from February until April and from August until December. The rest of the time I am on the road.—Flegende Blätter.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Josh Billings' Parting Shot to a Cheeky Drummer.

About Christmas time once the famous Josh Billings, humorist, was on his way to his old home at Lanesboro, Mass. On the train were three traveling men who wanted a game of whist. One of them pointed to unpretentious and unprepossessing Josh and said:

"Let's ask itube into the game and comb some of the hayseed out of his hair!"

"My venerable friend," he said as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the old man, "will you join us in a game of whist?"

"Ya-as; we will get there in about three hours," replied Josh, putting his hand to his ear.

"You don't seem to understand," said the young fellow in a louder tone. "We want you to take a hand in a game!"

"Ya-as; the stand o' corn has been unusual good this year."

"My friend," the young fellow then yelled, "will you take a hand in a game?"

"Ya-as; I was tellin' Mandy this mornin' how plenty an' how fat the game is this year."

"Oh, you go to the devil!" shouted the young fellow as he took his seat, while the other drummers unmercifully pestered him.

When Lanesboro was reached the old fellow got up, handed one of his Josh Billings cards to each one of the trio and then said to his interlocutor:

"Young man, while you are traveling on your cheek don't get any hayseed on your clothes or the other drummers will take you for a Rube and get you into some game and skin you!"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

What Bothered Her.

"Some women are very selfish," said a woman speaker at banquet. "They remind me of the woman who visited a fortune teller."

"Lady," said the fortune teller, shuffling the cards, "fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent, of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm."

"Will he be young?"

"Yes; young and rich."

"The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm."

"But how," she cried eagerly—"how am I to get rid of my present husband?"

Goaded.

Saving becoming a passion with the man and the woman. No privation was too great if so by it they might add to their accumulations. And they labored faithfully. The woman's sacrifice was in every respect equal to that of the man.

But when they had amassed \$10,000 the man, because he had the power, took the money and purchased with it not the automobile which he had led his faithful wife to expect, but a home. "Brute!" she cried, and when next a mob of suffragettes came that way she joined them. Who could blame her? Puck.

Paid in His Own Coin.

"I've got nothing else, and you'll have to take it," said the 'consequential' man in the train car.

"But we aren't supposed to change half sovereigns," said the conductor.

"Can't help that," said the passenger. "You'll have to find change; that's all. I'm not going to get off."

"A man in the corner with a big black bag beckoned to the conductor. There was a whispering confab, and a smiling conductor returned to the wealthy passenger.

"A gentleman has offered to give you change," he said.

"Ha, ha! So you had to find change after all, my fine fellow, eh? Well, here's the half sovereign."

"I'm very sorry," said the serious one, with never a smile. "They've locked it up. You see, there are so many Yale men in town."

Lawyer's Instinct.

A barrister noted for absence of mind was once witnessing a representation of "Macbeth," and on the witness replying to the Thane's inquiry that they were "doing a deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience:

"A deed without a name? Why, it's bold; it's not worth a cent."

"Am I so ill as that?" gasped the barrister.

"I don't know just how ill you are," replied the man of medicine, but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good-day."

How About Jack Dalton?

"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient.

"Am I so ill as that?" gasped the barrister.

"I don't know just how ill you are," replied the man of medicine, but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good-day."

Music in the Air.

"Which would you prefer your wife to do, play the violin or piano?"

"Violin. It would be easier to check out the window."—Ben Vlant.

The following is being told with great relish by an Inspector at Police Headquarters. A greedy lawyer, after his client had been sentenced to State prison, said: "Don't sweep your sentence, I will file a bill of exceptions that will be a winner." "Not on your life," answered the disgruntled client, who had lost faith in his attorney. "You couldn't file a saw."—Boston Journal.

Hill Clinton—Doctor—Now, Mrs. Davis, it's like this: you're either to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight—and you must choose.

McEvilly—Ay well, doctor, I'm an old man now, an' I was thinkin' I've seen about everything worth seeing.—London Times.

Does he aim at realism in the stories he writes?"

"He may aim at it, but he doesn't hit within a million miles of it."

"How's that?"

"The hero of his last story is a spendthrift Scotchman."—Houston Post.

"Now, girl, do not falter in the fray."

"I'll try not to, ma'am," promised the young suffragette. "But what should a girl do when a policeman checks her under the chin?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Have you ever wondered about your husband's past?" "Dear me, no; I have all I can do in taking care of his present and worrying about his future."—Boston Herald.

"He was once a member of the Legislature, was he not?" "Oh, yes, and ever since he has been living on the reputation of the reputation he might have made—Puck."

"You think well of Miss Scaddis?"

"Well, I'm courting to marry her."

"It takes two to make a conspiracy."

Historical and Genealogical.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and full name and address of writer must be given. 2. State all queries as will be consistent with clearance. 3. Write on one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the question. 5. Number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to *Editor* must be so forwarded, must be on blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and his signature.

Direct all communications to
MRS. E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1910.

OBITUARIES.

6667. HAVILAND—Who were the parents of Benjamin Haylund, of New York, administrator on whose estate was granted to wife Charley, May 10, 1724.—E. H. H.

6668. LYON—Who were the ancestors of Abigail Lyon, who married Benjamin Peabody, at Newport, R. I., August 7, 1767? They had a daughter Elizabeth, born October 2, 1749, at Newport. She married Nathaniel Hammond. Would like to know date and place of his birth and death.—C. T.

6669. DEAN—Would like record of marriage of Edward Dean and Nancy Vickery, said to be at Newport, R. I., before 1770. Would like all dates of birth and death.—E. A. L.

6670. EASTON—Would like names of husbands and wives, with dates, of the following children of John and Dorcas (Perry) Easton.

Ann, b. Jan. 25, 1803; d. at Jacob

Mott's Jan. 24, 1768, un-

Hannah, b. Aug. 6, 1862, d. at her

bro. James, Dec. 26, 1762,

Samuel, b. Sept. 18, 1864,

Joshua, b. Aug. 22, 1850, d. Aug. 20,

Peter, b. Aug. 5, 1801;

John, b. April 8, 1804;

Patience, b. Aug. 6, 1806;

James, b. Dec. 22, 1808;

Edward, b. Feb. 2, 1799, d. Sept. 29,

1764.

Benjamin, b. Jan. 12, 1705-6, d. Jan. 12, 1710, 5 y.

Dorcas, b. Jan. 12, 1705-6, d. May 18,

1706, 4 mo.—fr. F.

6671. SANFORD—Has any person ever obtained any kind of satisfactory proof that Joseph Sanford, father of Mary Ann, who married Joseph Tillingshaw, of New Bedford, is the one who served in Colonel Elliott's regiment?

Ezra Sanford, Lydia Gardner, his sister, Mary A. Tillingshaw, another sister, quit claim their interest and right in a lot of land in which they were heirs at law, of Joe Sanford and Samuel Clark Sanford, who died at sea, aged 23 years, unto their brother Joseph Sanford, a cobble maker of Newport.

In the genealogy of the Sanford family, furnished by Mr. Thomas J. Pierce, town clerk of North Kingstown, Joseph Sanford was born Feb. 18, 1740, died Nov. 3d, 1784, married Mary Clark. He was a carpenter by occupation, and resided on King St., Newport. They had children,

Ezra, b. April 7, 1765, married Abigail Congdon.

Pelag. B. October 18, 1767, died July 23, 1769.

Joseph, B. October 25, 1772, married Ann Stockman.

Mary Ann, b. Feb. 18, 1775, married Joseph Tillingshaw of New Bedford.

Samuel Clark, B. Dec. 18, 1777, died at sea, age 22 years.

Lydia, b. July 24, 1781, married David Gardner.

Ezra, first son, and married Abigail Congdon, had thirteen children.

Hannah the eleventh, was born March 6, 1809, and married Sept. 22, 1831, to James M. Thomas, and who died some fifteen or sixteen years ago, was my grandmother. I have heard her say a great many times that her grandfather served in the Revolutionary War.

Tradition says that Joseph Sanford enlisted in the defense of Rhode Island, and his wife and her three children, the youngest an infant, fled from their home in Newport, to North Kingstown where they were cared for until the evacuation of the Town by the enemy in 1770, when they returned.

There may be among some of my mother's people in North Kingstown some good proof of all this which I have given you, if so, I do not know where to find it, but it would seem to me that with the record that shows of this man, and the facts that I have quoted above, that it should be satisfactory.—F. G.

ANSWERS.

6672. READ—Eleazar Read, with wife Abigail, must have died before April 1722, for at that time John Read Jr., father of Eleazar of Norwalk, Conn., was appointed administrator of his estate, and guardian to Eleazar, minor, youngest son of Eleazar, of Norwalk.—N. Y.

6674. LANE TUTTLE—Katherine Lane (probably daughter of John and Milford, Conn., 1640, died 1669, leaving a good estate) married November 8, 1653, John Tuttle, born in England, 1631, died November 12, 1683, son of William and Elizabeth Tuttle, of New Haven Colony, who came over on ship Planter to Boston, 1635. A daughter Elizabeth born November 19, 1669, married John Read, Jr. of Norwalk, father of Eleazar.

A John Tuttle came with his family in the "Angel Gabriel," 1635, and settled in Dover, New Hampshire, died in Dover June, 1663, aged about 45 years. There were many of his descendants named John, but the same Abigail does not appear in the family until about a hundred years later. The N. E. G. Register April 1867, says there is a tradition that a brother of John settled in Connecticut. For the first hundred and fifty years, all of this house in New Hampshire, were descendants of the above John Tuttle.—X. Y.

"So you are going to get married."

"Yes, the Bible says it is not good for man to live alone."

"That's a mighty thin excuse for marrying a clubwoman."—Houston Post.

How to Reduce Prices.

At a meeting of representatives of cattle growers' association in Illinois a movement was organized to encourage the raising of more cattle throughout the state, and not alone for the sake of increasing the meat supply. Raising stock is one means by which the soil is rendered more fertile. In many parts of Illinois corn is almost the exclusive product, and the rotation of crops is neglected, though its advantages are generally known. More pasture lands would be beneficial to the tillable lands of the state, and this idea will be systematically urged upon farmers at their Institute meeting. It is little to the purpose to enlarge on the increasing cost of meat without taking into consideration the fact that the supply of meat in the United States in relation to population has been declining over since 1850. In the last ten years the population of the country has gained nearly 20 per cent, but there has been no increase in cattle.

The ratio of decrease in hogs and sheep has been about the same with that of cattle. Meanwhile the export of meat and its products, which were 82,000,000 pounds in 1855, was 40,000,000 last year, and averaged much more between 1891 and 1908.

Numerous official investigations of the high price of food are going on, but so far clear conclusions have not appeared. Often the subject is approached with the intent to make partisans capital. The starting point with many is a hard and fast theory of some kind, as the tariff or the institutions of trustee. One of the substantive reasons assigned is the great increase in the production of gold, with resulting decline in its purchasing power. A more valuable class of reasons is that not enough cattle are raised, and too small a proportion of the people are engaged in farming. The Illinois cattle growers are safe in claiming that more cattle should be raised and more land devoted to pasturing, and that these measures will build up agricultural interests generally, as well as stop the relative decline in cattle production. With a highly remunerative market certain, the intelligent worker on the soil has better prospects than ever before.

The Elm Leaf Beetle.

Among the insects which these warm spring days are calling into activity is the elm leaf beetle, and since a little effort now may reduce the numbers of this pest quite materially, a few suggestions in regard to the methods of checking it should not be amiss.

The beetle winters over in the husks or so-called "adult" form, and since it is not so hardy as some of our native species and does not know how to burrow in the ground, it seeks protection from the vicissitudes of winter weather in all kinds of protected places, but most frequently, perhaps, in barns, sheds, cellars and attics, and sometimes even in the living rooms of houses. The warm spring weather brings these beetles into activity and they seek exit through windows and other well-lighted openings. As a result, the housekeeper frequently finds on the inside of the windows little shiny-looking, black and yellow striped beetles about a quarter of an inch long, which should by all means be captured and destroyed.

An easy way to destroy these beetles is to sweep them into a tin can or cap in which there is a little water and a tablespoonful of kerosene. A bath in film of kerosene which will form on the surface of the water will destroy the ambulons of the most hopeful beetle.

When the foliage of the elms appear, beetles which have successfully passed the winter and the housekeeper's vigilance will begin to feed, and little round holes in the leaves will show as evidence of their activity. They feed for some time before beginning to lay eggs, and an early spraying with lead arsenite is therefore advisable. If the beetles can be destroyed before eggs are laid, future trouble from the larvae, which are really the more destructive as well as the more difficult to spray for of the two forms, can be avoided.

The beetle is quite resistant to poison, and a solution containing one pound of a good quality of lead arsenite to ten gallons of water should be used.

Thoroughness in spraying is essential. Each female beetle will lay 100 to 400 eggs, and if only a few of the beetles escape, the number of the resulting larvae will be sufficient to cause considerable injury to the trees. Care must, therefore, be taken to cover the foliage at the tops of the trees as well as in the lower part of the crown. Since the beetles eat entirely through the leaf and the larvae feed only on the under surface, covering the underside of the leaf with the solution is the more effective spraying, since it will catch both the beetles and any larvae which may subsequently appear.

"Did you hear what that manager said about his new play?"
"No; what was it?"

"That there would be the devil to pay if he couldn't get an angel."—Baltimore American.

"I wonder who the people are in that machine who look so haughty?" "Probably the poor relations of the owner, who is taking them for a spin."—Buffalo Express.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.**PUBLIC HEARING.****TAXATION LAWS.**

Senate Chamber, Providence, April 17th, 1910.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate and of the House of Representatives will bear all persons interested in the several acts relating to the taxation laws of state, and to the taxation laws of cities, towns, and villages, a state to upon corporations, taxation of real and personal property, including mortgages and a collateral inheritance tax, in committee room 318, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, April 12, 1910, at one o'clock p.m.

JOHN V. SAWYER,
R. BRYANT, Chairman.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 17th, 1910.

Estate of Mary T. Austin.

A MARY AUSTIN, Guardian of the person and estate of Mary T. Austin, of full age, of said Newport, presents his 18th annual account with the estate of his said ward, for all taxes due and accrued and retained to the ready fifth day of April, 1910, at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

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